

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

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Choice Poetry.

HOIST THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Hoist the Stars and Stripes!
March as ye unfold!
A prouder banner ne'er could float,
Were it made of gold.
Hoist the Stars and Stripes!
Let it take the wind;
Slumbering in their misty folds
Colors grow bedimmed.
Hoist the Stars and Stripes!
Does there live the man,
Who born beneath the silver shade,
Would not lead its van?

Hoist the Stars and Stripes!
Make the tyrant kneel!
Kneeling make him own the shame,
His burning soul most feel.
Hoist the Stars and Stripes!
Powers from above
Sanction it, most emblem of
Life, Liberty and Love.

Growing White in a Single Night.

At the late meeting of the British Association at Manchester, Dr. J. Davy read a paper "On the Question whether the Hair is or is not subject to Change in Color." It is thus abridged and reported:—
The popular notion is decidedly in favor of the affirmative, and many naturalists and physiologists have come to the same conclusion. They adduce instances of the change of the hair to white or gray, in the case of persons under strong emotions of grief or terror. Haller, in his "Elementa Physiologica," refers to eight authorities for examples of such changes; but all that he seems to admit for himself is that under the influence of impaired health, such a change may take place slowly. Marie Antoinette was cited by favor of the popular notion as a striking and well authenticated instance; but when fairly considered, the case came under the condition admitted by Haller—Had it been possible for mental emotion whether of terror or of grief, to render hair suddenly gray, surely in the Queen's case the change should have been witnessed at an earlier period than that of the arrest of the Royal Family in their attempt to leave France. If such a sudden change could be presumed, might we not expect to witness it in soldiers engaged in an active campaign amidst all the dangers and horrors of war? He had himself examined thousands of soldiers, men prematurely worn out in various climates, and concerned in many a hard fought battle—many of them grievously wounded—but he never met with an instance of the kind. The case of a rebel Sepoy is stated by Dr. Laycock, in the April number of the "British and Foreign Medical Chirurgical Review," on the authority of Surgeon Parry, it being said that the man's hair changed from black to gray in half an hour. He was undoubtedly under the belief that he would be condemned to death. Might not this be the explanation? The man was hurried in, profusely perspiring; he was naked, and cooling and drying rapidly, his hair, previously gray, being darkened by moisture, resumed its natural color. The effect of war in intensifying color is well known, and a further circumstance in aid of the explanation given may be found in the fact that the natives of Bengal are in the habit of staining their hair. The "Transactions" of the Royal Society, extending over 200 years, do not contain an instance of such change in the color of the hair, a circumstance opposed to the conclusion that it ever took place, for had it ever been undoubtedly witnessed, it is not likely that it would have remained undescribed.

The author is not aware that, irrespective of recorded evidence, anything in support of the popular notion can be adduced on physiological grounds. Human hair cannot be injected. Using coloring fluids such as a solution of nitrate of silver and a solution of iodine, the author has not observed any change of color, except in the portions actually immersed. Whether it owes its color to a fixed oil, to a peculiar arrangement of its constitutional molecules, or to both, it resists decay in a remarkable manner; it resists the action of acids and alkalis, except the strongest, which dissolve it. It resists maceration, and even boiling water, except continued for a long time, under pressure, when it suffers disintegration and decomposition. Exposure to the sun will bleach hair, but this will not account for any very sudden change of color. Supporters of the popular opinion refer to changes in the plumage of birds, such as the pinnacled, and in the hair of certain quadrupeds, such as the mountain hare and ermine, which become white towards winter, and of a darker blue when in the winter is passed. The belief is rested on, that this is not caused by moulting, or a change of coats, but that it takes place in the existing feathers and hair. But there is no satisfactory evidence of such changes; and considering the qualities of both, they seem most improbable. There is good proof that in the pinnacled the change is decidedly connected with moulting; at least such is the au-

thor's decided impression from inspecting the numerous specimens, shot at different seasons, belonging to Mr. Gould—which eminent ornithologist says that the "pinnacled is always moulting," the changes being from brown in the summer to speckled in the autumn, and white in the winter. The speckled feathers, few and large, overlap the white; and as soon as these are shed, the bird appears in its white dress.—The similar change amongst quadrupeds most probably arises from the same cause; and examples, less striking than those amongst wild animals, can be observed in cases of the horse and the cow. Prof. Rolleston, of Oxford, had given to the author a portion of the hair of a pony which has been observed to change its coat from tawny to nearly white in winter. Mr. Erasmus Wilson, who advocates the popular doctrine, refers to the case of a lemming in support of his views; but Mr. Blyth, a naturalist, says he examined a lemming killed during its autumnal change, and satisfied himself that "the white hairs were all new, and not the brown changed in color." There are reasons why it might be expected that the summer coat and plumage should be darker than those of the winter.

The author concludes that whether we consider one side of the question or the other—the human evidence so questionable, the physiological so much more reliable—the idea of fallacy is unavoidable, as to the hair being subject to sudden change of color from mental impression. The attempt made to explain such a change by physiologists are allowed to be complete failures; and phenomena on other grounds than those of fallacy. The author, when on foreign service, knew an assistant whom he visited a fortnight or three weeks subsequently. The patient's hair, before brown, had become grey; but when he called attention to the fact, the regimental surgeon simply said, "Your surprise will cease, when you know that—has, since he has been afflicted with his malady, discontinued dyeing his hair." When we consider how prone the hair of some persons is to turn gray at an early age, even without accompanying or preceding bodily ailment, and how many would wish to conceal this blemish, and so have recourse to chemical means, it is easy to imagine that this source of error, may not be unfrequent. Nor should it be overlooked that there is a disposition in some to make statements merely for the sake of exciting momentary surprise, or of acquiring ephemeral notoriety. If we consult the records of imposition and delusion, we shall find many a thing attested, and for a time believed, of a marvellous kind as the sudden whitening of the human hair. Has not witchcraft had its defenders? Have not tableturning, clairvoyance, and spirit rapping had believers? Have there not been even physiologists who have given their credence to spontaneous combustion of the human body, and to equivocal generation?

The Headless Horse.

BY THE OLD MAN.
During the occupation of Boston by British troops, the military regulations enforced by the British commander were, it is well known, very severe. The inhabitants were not permitted to be abroad after 9 o'clock in the evening without a special permit, and at that hour all lights were required to be extinguished. The streets were patrolled to see that the order had been obeyed, the sentinels were posted, and then, as there were no street lamps, darkness reigned through the town, broken occasionally when a shell traversed the air in a parabolic curve, shedding its baleful radiance like a meteor on a murky night.
The armed occupants of Boston were by no means easy in their quarters—the privates were gathered around them, and the officers became extremely scarce. After Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill, the high spirits of the British army were broken, and though Buttrick wrote farces, and his staff enacted them in Faneuil Hall, there was nothing farcical in their position. When British officers promenading on Beacon Hill fancied they heard bullets from sailors whizzing around their ears, and took to their heels in a panic terror, the common soldier might well be pardoned for being in a state of constant perturbation. They were almost as much afraid of invisible enemies as the Puritans were of unseen spirits of evil. They lived in a land of witchcraft, and began to believe that the old colonial superstitions had their foundation in fact.
One night a squad of patrol under the command of a non-commissioned Hessian officer, were marching through Common Street, on their way to their quarters on Fox Hill, on the Common. It was a hazy star light night, and the dark houses and trees were fused in a mass of shade. Suddenly a white object was observed moving toward them in the street.
"Halt! who goes there?" cried the Hessian.
There was no reply.
"Ready—men; present!" cried the officer, but his parched throat and trembling lips refused to frame the word "fire!" for moving past him noiselessly and awfully, he beheld a headless horse, his long tail streaming in the night air.
"Did you see it?" he whispered to his men.
Yes—they all saw it—and the way the squad scrambled to camp was a caution. They said not a word of their adventure; but they all felt that the vision portended evil—perhaps death to the beholders.
A night or two afterwards another party

saw the same apparition. This time the headless horse was galloping furiously through the street, but though he seemed a heavy animal, full of steel hands high, his hoofs made no noise upon the ground and struck no fire from the flints. The specter was seen by some of the inhabitants, too, and now nothing was talked of but the headless horse.
And now the apparition appeared nightly and always at the same hour. It was fortuitously reported to General Gage.
"The foul fiend has got into the heads of our fellows!" he exclaimed angrily. "Every one seems to have lost their senses. There is a spell in this rebel air. I don't know who invented this story, but I'm determined to silt it to the bottom."
That very evening, wrapped in his cloak, the General took post not far from where the Park Street Church now stands. He had not been waiting long, when a white object came gliding rapidly towards him—He advanced into the street, to get a nearer view; and to his astonishment beheld a headless white horse gliding slowly past him. A strange emotion took possession of him; he thought of the pale horse in Revelations, and he wondered no longer that his soldiers had been frightened. Recovering his presence of mind, he cocked and fired his pistol at the retreating object—Though he covered it well, the animal was unhurt. The discharge of the pistol created an alarm, which, however, was soon quieted; and the general never assigned the real reason for his firing.

In due time the British evacuated Boston, and the American army under Gen. Washington entered and took possession.
One night a group of soldiers and citizens were assembled in the bar room of the Green Dragon, discussing the plans of the campaign.
"Say what you will," said one, "the British troops have got stuck—that you can't deny."
"Behave!" said a one-eyed man with a quizzical expression of countenance, "who had hitherto taken no part in the discourse, 'I wouldn't give much for their luck. I know it easy to sneer 'em without trying very hard indeed. During the blockade, me and Bill Sage played 'em a trick that made some talk if not more. I've got an old white horse that I keep in a stable on the Neck—and RM lives up on Copp's hill. Well, we used to take the horse to Bill's in the day time—never fed him there mind—'Bout nine o'clock we used to put his lead in a black bag, tie it on his hoofs—he didn't have no shoes—and start him out.—Of course the critter nosed his way straight home to his fodder. Hang me if the scoundrel didn't think he was a headless horse—a right down ghost! skinned 'em enymost to death. Bimeby they got to 'firm' hose pistols to him, and I was feared they'd hit him so I took him off the track. I expect Gen. Washington thinks it was his batteries on Dorchester Heights that draw the red coats out of town, but if the truth was known, it would turn out that they was draw off by an old white hoss with his head in a black bag."

Whether history is wrong or right upon this point, the "oldest inhabitants" assured me that such was the true history of the Headless Horse of the days of the blockade.—*Flag of our Union.*
Discovery of a Long-Lost Husband.
The recent visit of the British Channel Fleet to the Clyde, it is said to have led to the following singular discovery:
Among the visitors to one of the flag ships was a respectable lady of middle age, who made the circuit of the sights on board with the usual feeling of wonder and delight. On passing hurriedly along the main-deck she was much struck at encountering a look from a man, one of the hands of the noble ship, whose face was familiar to her, so much so, indeed, that she was on the point of speaking to him even before having time to think who he might be, but he suddenly slunk away as if to avoid recognition. A few moments reflection convinced her that the man she had seen was no other than one who, nearly twenty years before, had been her sweetheart, though she afterwards had married another. Happening to mention the circumstance to a friend on returning home, it came out that the man in question had sailed from Greenock some fifteen years ago, leaving behind him a wife and two children, and had not since been heard of, and, in fact, had been mourned as dead. The supposed widow had struggled successfully with poverty, bringing her son and daughter up in humble respectability; and being still in town, it was resolved to acquaint her of her husband's whereabouts, and accordingly she was called upon with this object. At first she regarded the statement as a fiction, but began to think it might be true, and accordingly she lost no time in hastening on board the ship, taking along with her, her son and daughter, and credentials of her marriage. She explained her mission to some of the officers, who directed her what course to pursue, and, true enough, she discovered her long lost husband in one of the crew of the ship. There was a disposition at first, on his part, to preserve an ignominy, but it was of no avail, and he soon admitted his relationship; and the affair resulted, we are told, in the commander ordering \$1 per month to be paid in future to the wife out of her husband's earnings, together with a portion of prize money, which was due to him, an arrangement which now continues in force. It appears that the man had been in the navy for the last ten years, but how he came to abandon his family has not been explained.

Bottom of the Ocean.

Mr. Greener, the famous diver tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean.—He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks near Hayti:
"The banks of coral on which my divers were made, are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth.
On its bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.
The bottom of the ocean, in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a Marble floor, in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height and from one to eighty feet diameter. The top of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad mounds, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph: In other places the pendants form arch over arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there, the coral extend even to the surface of the water, as if those lotter columns were towers belonging to the stately temples now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth.—They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabited those silver banks, I found as different in kind, as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby, to the globe like sunfish; from those of the dullest hue, to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless mummoo to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, one of small size resembled a bell terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.
To enumerate all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow; for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, star-fish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, were often seen.—There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were ribbon fish, from four to five inches, to three feet in length. Their eyes were very large, protrude like those of the frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova till it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds.

THE CLIMATE IN THE SOUTHWEST.—No more delightful season of the year could be selected for a campaign than the latter part of October and the whole of November.—With rare exceptions, the air is balmy but hazy; there is little or no snow, and very little rain. Even the nights are not often as cold as they are in Philadelphia. Indian summer lasts full twenty days longer in Middle and Southern Kentucky, in Southern Missouri, in Eastern Virginia, and the whole of Tennessee and North Carolina, than it does in Pennsylvania.
If there is poetry in those regions, it is when "the melancholy days have come" and when the serene breezes float amid the "sere and yellow foliage" of those regions. The people themselves have poetized it by calling it "Italy transferred." The chest expands under the air, the lungs inhale it with the profoundest satisfaction, until the whole being seems renewed and reinvigorated.
Should, however, the campaign be protracted into late December or into January, it will become a most fearful task to move men in bodies or transport munitions of war to any extent beyond the immediate line of turnpikes and railroads. The mere country roads in all those States named above, with the exception of North Carolina, (and that exception is caused by the sandy nature of the soil,) are most infamous. Their badness is occasioned by the utter want of system in keeping them in repair and by the light, foamy, spongy character of the soil.—Rain will penetrate and saturate it for weeks during the winter. In the summer it is particularly dry. This characteristic does not hold good in all the States, but it will be found to be very generally true, and will be found worthy of consideration ere long.

What is the difference between a school-master and an engine driver? One trains the mind, the other trains the body.

Abolitionists and Fort Lafayette.
We respect to a suggestion that such incendiary persons as Reverends Cheever and Beecher be sent to Fort Lafayette, and such incendiary journals as the Boston Liberator, the New York Tribune, the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the Chicago Tribune and the New York Independent should be suppressed by the Government, the Boston Courier offers some practical remarks:
Sincerely these newspapers and reverend persons, with their confederates, stand on the very outer edge of flat rebellion itself; indeed, they are as inveterate foes of anything possible to be called a Union of States as the most inveterate Secessionists, because they openly declare they will have no Union except on their own terms, which are out of the question. It is evident that the time must come when something must be done with them—but the question is, when and how?

In our judgement nothing would tender so much to the public welfare, by the settlement of public opinion, as the prosecution of those pestilent newspapers and persons. We desire to see neither mob law, nor any arbitrary proceeding applied to them by the Government. We are firmly for freedom of speech and of the press, according to the fundamental provisions of the Constitution, and because anything short of this is totally inconsistent with the whole theory and practice of public and private liberty. But in order that this liberty of speech and of writing shall not become licentious, it is necessary to define it and keep it within the bounds of justice and reason. In a free country, of all others, this is most necessary. Where there is the greatest temptation to licentiousness and opportunity for it, there it is most necessary that the ill disposed should be most held under wholesome restraint.
We have suffered amazingly in this country for want of a sounder public sentiment for this subject. Nothing could regulate this so well as solemn and formal judicial proceedings. We propose, therefore, that the parties in question be properly indicted and brought to trial, either for their treasonable speeches and conduct as the case may be, or as disturbers of the public peace and safety. By thorough investigation of the true principle of Republican institutions at the bar, and by the solemn adjudication of a learned bench, let the case of these culprits be determined. As the result, if found guilty, let a sufficient fine and suitable imprisonment be awarded—enough to stop them effectually, and to check others inclined in like manner to offend. We should thus soon put men of more discretion and of a higher tone in the management of the press, which would then be as beneficial as it is now too often mischievous—raving clergymen would devote themselves to their proper vocation of the care of souls, instead of bewildering themselves and others in politics—and thus public sentiment and public conduct might be essentially enlightened, raised and refined.

Cheap Food.

In these times especially, some lessons of economy may, or should be learned by all. At the usual market prices, beans are relatively cheaper than any other article of diet, corn excepted, perhaps. Beans combine the nourishment of both grain and meat, and they should enter more largely into consumption. Good housekeepers should learn how to cook them palatably. Any method is defective, that leaves the beans unbroken. Whether boiled or baked, or baked, or both, they should be so thoroughly cooked as to fall to pieces. Usually they are prepared for the table to dry. But all the beans raised this year will probably be needed for army use, and command good prices. Corn should therefore be more largely resorted to. A bushel of corn yields nearly as much nourishment as a bushel of wheat, while the latter will sell for two or three times as much ready money. But there is a prejudice against corn, or corn meal, arising mainly from want of skill in preparing it. We have published many methods, and will continue to give others from time to time. What we now suggest is, that housekeepers who are disposed to be economical (and who are not!) should overhaul their recipe books, and the back numbers of the *Agriculturist* and other journals they may have preserved, and try the various methods of cooking corn and corn meal. When they hit upon any preparation that appears to give general satisfaction, make a note of it, and there will soon be found a variety of methods that will pretty nearly fill up a week, and still afford a daily change that will be agreeable. Let it be understood that you are studying economy, and many dishes that would be rejected in ordinary times will become acceptable to the heads of the family. We believe in the doctrine that children should be taught to always eat what their parents do, or rather what is set before them, without questioning or wrinkling of the face. This pampering of the appetite, and allowing children to express their likes and dislikes, and be gratified in their whims, is the worst possible training—and the sure way to make them unhappy afterward. A child may be taught to always be happy, and to enjoy any meal that circumstances may place before him in all his future life.

We forget to name dried peas among the cheap foods. Though not quite as nourishing as beans, they are very good and affordable when rightly cooked, and they afford good nourishment more cheaply than meat or wheat flour. They need to be soaked in cold water until quite soft, and can then be treated as when green; the addition of a little sugar will improve them, and give a taste more nearly like the green vegetable.—Peas soup is quite palatable, and is made by boiling the soaked peas in sufficient water for the quantity of soup required, then mash about one third of them and stir them in the broth. Add butter and salt and pepper to suit the taste.—*American Agriculturist.*

THINGS THAT I HAVE SEEN.—I have seen a farmer build a house so large and fine that the sheriff turned him out of doors.
I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, break and die in an insane hospital.
I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.
I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off—wealthy; and end where his father began—penurious.
I have seen a worthy farmer's son idle away years of the prime of his life, in dissipation, and end his career in the poor house.
I have seen the disobedience of a son "bring down the grey hairs of his father to the grave."
A certain highly merciful Judge had concluded the trial of a man for murder, by sentencing him to be hung that very day. A petition was immediately signed by the bar, Jury and people, praying that longer time might be granted the poor prisoner. He replied to the petition that "the man had been found guilty; that the jail was very unsafe, and besides, it was so very uncomfortable he did not think that any man ought to be required to stay in it longer than was necessary." And his honor's ideas of humanity were promptly carried out.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.—Among the Sikh nobles who, at the outset of the mutiny, staked their heads on the British side, was the Rajah of Kupoorthulla. He was not a very great man, but he had influence, and no Englishman could have risked his status, purse, and person, with more hearty and unquestioning loyalty. He helped to guard the Northern Delhi road, then the key of our position; and when had been restored the Governor General, casting aside the old policy of meagre rewards, raised him by a single gift of land to the wealth of a great English noble. This Rajah married an East India girl, became, under her influence, a Christian, and established a mission on his own estate. Sweeping away, at a stroke, the prejudices of a thousand years, he introduced his wife into society, and allowed her to appear in public and the officials, for once heartily cordial to a native, threw aside prejudices as rooted as his own, and recommended that the Rajah should receive official precedence in Oude. The Governor General consented, and at the apex of the new social system of Oude stands a native Christian noble, and the only woman in India for whom the Guards turn out in the British Provinces, is the Christian Lady of Kupoorthulla.—*London Paper.*

Coffee Beaten in a Mortar.
It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten is better than that which has been ground. Such however, is the fact; and in his brief article on the subject, Savarin gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a more decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonisation develops the aroma, and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers, that the Turks beat it. They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used, these pestles become precious, and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill—the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each. Taking equal weights of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a

The Attitude of the Democratic Party.

Time always vindicates the wisdom of the policy of the Democratic party and of its administration. It has done so in connection with recent events, with more than usual emphasis. For years and years it warned the country that this eternal agitation of the slavery question if not stopped, would bring the greatest calamities upon us; that it would lead to a "divided Union" and civil war between the sections; to national and individual bankruptcy; to personal and political ruin. It plead with its political opponents North, with the man-fanatics of the South, to forbear, to stay their hands, to stop what they called their "irrepressible conflict," for the good of their country. Their appeals were spurned. Their warnings were disregarded. We were told by the Republican Statesmen that the agitation should go on, that it did not endanger the Union; that a sectional triumph would do no mischief, that in case they were successful, all would go on as gaily as a "marriage bell." The people for once listened to their siren-sounding voice, and installed them in power. We would like to have seen the Democratic predictions proven false—we had a million times rather that they would have had the name of false prophets, than to have seen our country in its present lamentable condition. But all the worst fears of the Democrats, all their worst predictions, have been more than realized. Look at the condition of the country—look at the present survey its future. For all the evils, present and prospective, the Democratic party is guiltless, as it lifted up its voice and warned the people of them. Had the Democratic policy not been departed from, and its wise counsels been listened to, we should have been to day a happy and united people, and prosperity would have smiled upon the land. The Democrats advised that the slavery question be left alone; that the compromises of the Constitution in favor of the institution be adhered to with strict fidelity. Its strong common sense enabled it to perceive that this great country could only be saved by a compromise and conciliation of all the various interests, and that as long as nearly one half of the States were slaveholding, it was egregious folly to suppose that our federal Government could pursue an anti-slavery course, without the greatest troubles and disasters to the whole social fabric. Our opponents believe otherwise. We give them credit, at least the masses, for honesty; but, oh! how terribly have they been misled by demagogues and political idiots to the brink of destruction!

The old, stereotyped charge of corruption was also instrumental in causing the people to vote down Democratic men and Democratic policy. What have we seen? Why in less than three months it is an admitted fact that those purists who support the administration of Lincoln have stolen more from the Government, from the brave soldiers, than all the money that has been abstracted from the Treasury for half a century. Since the 4th of March—Republican papers themselves being the witnesses—there has been a regular carnival of corruption, that puts to shame everything we have seen in that line. The conduct of the Democrats in the war is also another evidence of their warm and ardent patriotism, that has extorted praise from even their political opponents. While opposing the policy which has led to it, believing it unnecessary and injudicious, they were the first to respond to the call to arms, when they were left no other recourse. A large majority of the officers and soldiers who are now in the front of the enemy are Democrats, while those who have instigated the war, preferred that way of settling our difficulties to a peaceful compromise, remain comfortably at home, assailing their Democratic and Union men who have ever been and are now for their country, as traitors. These lines, drawn from the great book of the past, indicate the policy to be pursued by the people in the future. Turn out the politicians of the Lincoln stripe as quick as possible. They have shown themselves incompetent to govern the country. Turn them out at the elections as fast as you have the opportunity, and restore to power that organization which would have, if it had been permitted, averted all our present evil, and whose policy yet can alleviate and mitigate them.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*—(Douglas.)

A good story is told of a "sell" on the Abolitionists of Galesburg. The town is made up of Abolitionists, and of course they are the last men to volunteer to meet on the battle field the men they have traduced for years. Galesburg has sent few if any soldiers to the war, and those who have gone are not of the class of whom we speak. Well, the other day, the railroad conductor, when his train arrived at Galesburg, told the people that the U. S. officers were drafting in Peoria, and would be there next day to draft them into the service. It is said that next day there wasn't a man in Galesburg who was between the ages of 18 and 45 years, unless he was a cripple or sick.—*Rock Island Argus, Ill.*

A Western clergyman, in presenting a revolver to one of the volunteers said: "If you get into a tight place and have time to use it, ask God's blessing if you have time, but be sure and not let the enemy get the start of you. You can't say amen after you shoot."
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Time always vindicates the wisdom of the policy of the Democratic party and of its administration. It has done so in connection with recent events, with more than usual emphasis. For years and years it warned the country that this eternal agitation of the slavery question if not stopped, would bring the greatest calamities upon us; that it would lead to a "divided Union" and civil war between the sections; to national and individual bankruptcy; to personal and political ruin. It plead with its political opponents North, with the man-fanatics of the South, to forbear, to stay their hands, to stop what they called their "irrepressible conflict," for the good of their country. Their appeals were spurned. Their warnings were disregarded. We were told by the Republican Statesmen that the agitation should go on, that it did not endanger the Union; that a sectional triumph would do no mischief, that in case they were successful, all would go on as gaily as a "marriage bell." The people for once listened to their siren-sounding voice, and installed them in power. We would like to have seen the Democratic predictions proven false—we had a million times rather that they would have had the name of false prophets, than to have seen our country in its present lamentable condition. But all the worst fears of the Democrats, all their worst predictions, have been more than realized. Look at the condition of the country—look at the present survey its future. For all the evils, present and prospective, the Democratic party is guiltless, as it lifted up its voice and warned the people of them. Had the Democratic policy not been departed from, and its wise counsels been listened to, we should have been to day a happy and united people, and prosperity would have smiled upon the land. The Democrats advised that the slavery question be left alone; that the compromises of the Constitution in favor of the institution be adhered to with strict fidelity. Its strong common sense enabled it to perceive that this great country could only be saved by a compromise and conciliation of all the various interests, and that as long as nearly one half of the States were slaveholding, it was egregious folly to suppose that our federal Government could pursue an anti-slavery course, without the greatest troubles and disasters to the whole social fabric. Our opponents believe otherwise. We give them credit, at least the masses, for honesty; but, oh! how terribly have they been misled by demagogues and political idiots to the brink of destruction!

The old, stereotyped charge of corruption was also instrumental in causing the people to vote down Democratic men and Democratic policy. What have we seen? Why in less than three months it is an admitted fact that those purists who support the administration of Lincoln have stolen more from the Government, from the brave soldiers, than all the money that has been abstracted from the Treasury for half a century. Since the 4th of March—Republican papers themselves being the witnesses—there has been a regular carnival of corruption, that puts to shame everything we have seen in that line. The conduct of the Democrats in the war is also another evidence of their warm and ardent patriotism, that has extorted praise from even their political opponents. While opposing the policy which has led to it, believing it unnecessary and injudicious, they were the first to respond to the call to arms, when they were left no other recourse. A large majority of the officers and soldiers who are now in the front of the enemy are Democrats, while those who have instigated the war, preferred that way of settling our difficulties to a peaceful compromise, remain comfortably at home, assailing their Democratic and Union men who have ever been and are now for their country, as traitors. These lines, drawn from the great book of the past, indicate the policy to be pursued by the people in the future. Turn out the politicians of the Lincoln stripe as quick as possible. They have shown themselves incompetent to govern the country. Turn them out at the elections as fast as you have the opportunity, and restore to power that organization which would have, if it had been permitted, averted all our present evil, and whose policy yet can alleviate and mitigate them.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*—(Douglas.)

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